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FOR MYSELF ALONE.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

By "MARIUS."

TOGETHER WITH


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and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the
Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes....	5		111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc.	5	2
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a.	3	1	64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene.	2	1	67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene....	6	
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc.	6	1
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes ..	4	1
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene	3		52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes	4	1	25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act	4	2
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene.	2	
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce	4	2	152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch.	3	1	106. Gambrianus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes ..	8	1
128. Bobolmo, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc.	2	2
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes....	5	2	17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc.	4	
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene.	2		31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish, musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude.....	4	
148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene.	3	
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Coronation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc.	4	1	61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene....	5	1	142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene.....	3		23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene.	5	1
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc.	5	1	118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene	3	1	3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc.	6	
			68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene	6	
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—~~EN-~~
TRANCLS AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORM-
ERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

JAN 26 1894

NEW YORK:
DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

Copyright, 1894, by A. T. D. De Witt.

CHARACTERS.

HARRY DUVAL, a literary young gentleman, age about 25.

JACK BYRON,

CHARLIE FLETCHER, } young artists, friends of Harry.

SILAS BLEVINS, Harry's uncle, age about 65.

JOHN BELCHER, a lawyer, age about 55.

MAJOR TWITTER, of the English army, age about 55.

JAMES CAVERTON, a wealthy young man, age about 35.

BOY.

ANNIE MOWERAY, niece and ward of Mr. Blevins, age 20.

JENNIE BLEVINS, Mr. B.'s daughter, age 28.

SERVANT.

TIME OF PLAYING—ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—A large plainly-furnished room. Door in flat c.; table and chairs c.; lounge L.; fireplace R.

ACT II.—Handsomely-furnished drawing-room, looking out on veranda and picturesque landscape at back. Door in flat c.; windows each side of door, opening to floor; doors R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.; sofa R. front; easy chairs L. front; fancy table and chair R. c.; cabinet desk against wall L. Other furniture tastefully arranged.

ACT III.—Same as Act II.

COSTUMES.—Modern.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Cups, plates, goblet, small bottle of wine, writing materials, etc., for table; pipe for HARRY; small wooden box containing small package of coffee, a half dozen eggs and three or four small packages; small tin pail; coffee-pot; coins and pawn ticket for JACK.

ACT II.—Cigarettes and lighters or matches for JACK and HARRY.

ACT III.—Eyeglass for CAVERTON; pail for MAJOR TWITTER; bunch of keys; papers and wallet containing bank notes in cabinet desk.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L, Left; C, Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

12-36512

FOR MYSELF ALONE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A large but plainly furnished room. Door in flat c.; a table, and chairs c., a lounge, L. and a fireplace R. The table is laid for supper; a bottle of wine, a glass, two or three cups, plates, etc., upon it. As curtain rises HARRY DUVAL is seen, writing at end of table. JACK BYRON is kneeling, blowing the fire.*

JACK. Confound it, Harry, this fire certainly has a fit of the blues to-day; it's almost as bad as ourselves. I can't get it to burn.

HARRY. Oh, never mind the fire, Jack, it isn't cold, and we don't need it; so we'll save expense.

JACK. Bother expense! Here you sit, Harry, day after day, too sick to hold a pen in your hand, writing for these confounded magazines, that won't pay a fellow enough to buy bread and water with, and worrying about expense. I tell you, Harry, you must stop it. It's killing you. Stop writing, this minute. *(takes away pen, ink, and paper)* There, now, take your pipe, light it, and watch me paralyze that fire; we'll have a couple of boiled eggs, and some toast, in about four minutes.

HARRY *(lights pipe)*. But, Jack, you don't appear to think of anything. Where is the money to come from, to pay for all this? I haven't a shilling, and I know you're just as badly off as myself.

JACK. Just as badly off, am I? Look at that. *(pulls out some coins from his pocket, and throws them on the table)* Just as bad, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Why, Harry, we're wealthy. I pawned my watch to-day, and raised ten dollars on it. Not the first time I've done it, either. That old watch has been inside more Jewish savings banks, than any other that I know of. No, Hal; just you be quiet and we'll have some supper; then to-morrow, we can go on a big spree, all over the city. Old Snaggs may wait for his rent, and we'll enjoy ourselves while we can.

HARRY. Well, you are a droll chap, Jack. I believe, only for you, I'd go to the dogs, completely.

JACK. Oh, you'll see better days yet. Something tells me that you'll be wealthy, Harry, before long. And then, boiled eggs and toast, farewell!

HARRY *(laughing)*. Nonsense, Jack. I'll never get a penny, except what I earn, and that'll never make me wealthy.

So we need have no fears on that head. Now, I propose to carry on the illusion for a few weeks, just to see what sort of a man my uncle is, for, of course, he'll be around to see me with all sail set as soon as he hears I'm worth \$10,000 per annum. You mustn't mind him, Jack; I hear he's eccentric, and that he always has some scheme on hand to make money, and will, of course, talk nothing to you but finance from morning to night; but try and put up with it awhile, and we'll have lots of fun.

JACK. Don't you think it would be well to let old Belcher into the secret. It would save difficulty when you do wish to assume your rights.

HARRY. I was thinking about that, and I believe you are right. We will tell the old fellow all about it the first opportunity we get. (*a knock at the door.*)

JACK. I'll bet you it's that grocer for his infernal box,—and—oh, Herod Agrippa!

HARRY. What's up?

JACK. Those eggs and the coffee have been boiling away all this time. The eggs will be like boarding house doughnuts, and the coffee—(*knocking continued.*)

HARRY. Oh, bother the eggs and coffee; if somebody doesn't open the door there won't be any door to open soon. If it's the grocer, fire him down stairs. (*JACK opens door.*)

Enter MR. BELCHER.

JACK. Oh, my dear Mr. Belcher, excuse me for keeping you waiting; we were so busy—

BEL. Certainly, my dear sir. Certainly, the only inconvenience I suffered was the loss of a little time; but as Shakespeare says—

JACK. Yes, yes; but what is the object of this second visit?

BEL. Well, you see, as I was "keeping the even tenor of my way" toward Chancery Buildings—I sometimes quote from other poets, you know, Mr. Duval. That little phrase is from Gray's Elegy. The immortal Gray, Mr. Duval—

JACK. Yes. As you were going toward Chancery Buildings you—

BEL. Yes. I was going along, ruminating on the depravity of human nature, and—

JACK. And the necessity of more lunatic asylums.

BEL. Eh? Oh, ah, yes; capital, capital joke, ha, ha, ha! Very good indeed. Yes. Well, I met my old and esteemed friend, Mr. Silas Blevins, your respected uncle, Mr. Duval, and I said to myself, "Oh, my prophetic soul, his uncle." Ha, ha! See the point, Mr. Duval! More Shakespeare. Oh, I fairly revel in Shakespeare.

JACK. So I am beginning to believe.

BEL. Of course you are; they all do when they know me. Well, I says to Blevins, "Blevins, my boy, you know young Duval, your nephew?" Blevins said he did. "Well," says I, "he's fallen heir to an estate worth \$10,000 a year." "Heavens!" says Blevins. Excuse the little rhyme, Mr. Duval. You saw the point? I think it was pretty good. "Heavens" says Blevins. Ha! ha! Well, nothing would do him, the dear, kind-hearted chap, but to come around and see you, to see if he could be of any service to you at all.

JACK. Yes? how kind! They generally are when a man's worth his ten thousand a year.

BEL. Ha, ha, ha! how droll you are. Oh, by Jove, you're a droll

boy: you ought to go on the stage. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you'll be the death of me, if you say such funny things.

JACK. Funny! well, I'll be blown. However, Mr. Belcher, where is my uncle?

BEL. Ah, yes; I forgot all about him, poor fellow. We were coming in at the street door, when a ferocious bulldog belonging, I presume, to some of the other lodgers, rushed at us, and I had only time to get up the stairs: but poor Blevins, who is much stouter than I am, had to climb up on the porch. He's there now, and the dog's watching from below, ready to devour him. I can tell you he's in a most unpleasant position.

JACK. Well, by Jove, if this doesn't beat anything I ever heard. That must be Newton's bulldog, (to HARRY) that he got ready for the next visit of his mother-in-law.

HARRY. Yes, I suppose it is.

JACK. Well, Harry, you go down and liberate the old gentleman, will you?

HARRY. Yes, certainly. (*goes up.*)

BEL. (to JACK). I thought this young man's name was Jack, and I hear you call him Harry.

JACK. Oh, yes; that reminds me, and while he goes to attend to the old gent and the bulldog, I'll tell you a secret. [*Exit HARRY. C. D.*]

BEL. Oh, indeed. I'm passionately fond of secrets. Shakespeare and secrets are my hobbies.

JACK. But remember, this is a genuine secret, and you must promise to keep it.

BEL. I pledge my professional word of honor.

JACK (*aside*). That won't be worth much. (*aloud*) Very well. The fact is, Mr. Belcher, I am *not* Harry Duval.

BEL. You are not? Then who are you?

JACK. I am Jack Byron, and the gentleman you were introduced to as Jack Byron, is Harry Duval.

BEL. Cæsar! says Belcher. That's not quite as good as "Heavens says Blevins." Well, you are a droll boy.

JACK. Yes, but we're doing it for a joke, and we intend to keep it up for a while, and you must not whisper it to anybody.

BEL. O, no, certainly not. I'll be as silent as an oyster. I suppose you'll fix things right at the last moment, and astonish everybody?

JACK. Precisely so.

BEL. Oh, you are droll chaps. I'd like to introduce you to a friend of mine at Brighton. He doats on Milton and Longfellow—fairly adores them.

JACK. Thank you; but I hear Harry and his uncle; so be careful and keep up the illusion.

Enter HARRY and MR. BLEVINS, C. D.

BEL. Ah, my dear Blevins, did you escape the cruel fangs of that voracious animal? Say you did, Blevins, and relieve my anxiety.

BLEV. Oh, hang you and your anxiety. Belcher, you're a nice man, aren't you, to go off and leave me in such an infernal position for fully fifteen minutes? There was that bulldog—ugh! the thought of him makes me shudder—just watching me, and licking his chops now and then, as if in anticipation of the mutton-chop he was going to have off me.

BEL. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what a capital joke. He, he, he! But you're droll chap, Blevins. (*poking him in the ribs*) Just think, a mutton-chop off Blevins! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

BLEV. Oh, shut up your confounded mouth. Shut up, I tell you. Don't say another word to me. I'm mad enough to eat you, only for the gas in you. Your name suits you first-rate, Belcher: for you do nothing but belch gas and Shakespeare from one day's end to another.

BEL. Ho, ho, ho! Oh, dear me, I shall certainly die. Another of his jokes. Belcher! Oh, my Jove, it's too good. Capital, capital. Blevins, you are a born humorist.

BLEV. Yes, and you are a born ass. You——

HARRY. Oh, come, come, gentlemen, enough of this: let us have peace. If you will fight, why, go out into the hall there, and you can have it out, and I'll get Newton's bulldog to see fair play.

BLEV. and BEL. (*together*). Oh, no, no: not the bulldog.

BLEV. That bulldog! oh, don't speak of him. Is he anywhere near this room?

HARRY. Yes, he's just out in the hall. Shall I ask him to come in?

BLEV. Oh, heavens! no.

HARRY. Well, then, keep quiet, or he'll come in without asking.

BEL. (*to JACK*). Mr. Duval, since you have now heard all I can tell you I think I shall take my leave, entrusting you to the fatherly care of my dear friend Blevins.

JACK. Well, Mr. Belcher, good-day. Many thanks for your kindness.

BEL. Not at all, not at all. I am always under your command.

JACK. Oh, by the way, Mr. Belcher, be so kind as to run into the little pawn-shop around the corner there, and redeem my watch, will you? You can chalk it down in my bill, you know.

BEL. Sir, I would not lower my standing by entering a pawn-shop, but I will send one of my clerks for the watch, and have it brought to you.

JACK. Thanks, Belcher, thanks. Here's the ticket. (*exit BELCHER, c. d.*) So, his royal highness wouldn't lower his standing by going in to a pawn-shop. Well, I consider myself as good a man as he is, and I've lowered my standing many a time to go in there, and lowered it considerably too, for the doorway is only about five feet high, and I'm pretty tall.

BLEV. My dear sirs, excuse me, but which of you is my nephew? I quite forgot for the moment that I came here to congratulate you on your good fortune.

JACK. Oh, I am your precious nephew, uncle Blevins. You may congratulate me. (*aside*) I don't congratulate myself.

BLEV. I do, I do, my dear boy. I do. (*shaking his hand*) And now I hope you will never speak any more of pawn-shops. You can command me and my purse for any wants which you may have until you enter upon your new career.

JACK. Oh, many thanks, dear uncle, many thanks: but I expect Mr. Belcher will advance me sufficient for my present needs. But what has come over you? Have you become president of a bank lately?

BLEV. Why?

JACK. Oh, nothing, only you are so much freer with your money than you used to be.

BLEV. Than I used to be! Why, what in the world do you mean?

JACK. Oh, you don't remember my writing to you when I was rather down at the heels and out at the elbows, asking you for a little assistance?

BLEV. No, I certainly do not.

JACK. You don't? Why, I wrote no less than three times, but I never received an answer.

BLEV. Well, Harry, I never received one of those letters.

JACK. You didn't? (*sneeringly*.)

BLEV. No. I give you my word of honor.

JACK (*sarcastically*). It was quite natural you shouldn't receive any of the letters, the present postal service is so defective, you know.

BLEV. (*joyful'y*). Yes, certainly, very defective.

JACK. Yes, of course; I never thought of that. (*aside*) Oh, but he beats the old boy himself. (*aloud*) Uncle, let me present to you my intimate friend, Jack Byron. (*presents HARRY*.)

HARRY. I am happy to meet you, Mr. Blevins.

BLEV. Delighted, I'm sure, to know Mr. Byron.

JACK. That's right. Now, uncle, I want you to accept an invitation to spend a few weeks at Glenmore, as soon as I get installed there, and you must bring my aunt and your daughter along with you, for I shall be lonely in that great mansion, unless I manage to surround myself with guests; and I wish you to be among the first.

BLEV. We shall accept your invitation with great pleasure; but I must ask you to include my ward, Annie Mowbray, as well; she's my late sister's only child, and is under my protection.

HARRY (*aside*). The protection which a wolf would give a lamb.

JACK. I shall be most happy to see your niece.

BLEV. I'll bring Annie along then, as I don't like to leave her alone at our house.

JACK. Certainly; it would be wrong to leave her alone.

BLEV. Well, that's settled. I know you'll like her—you can't help it. She's a perfect angel—so kind, so gentle, and as pretty as a picture.

JACK. Oh, that settles it for sure. We'll be delighted to have her make one of the party. (*aside to HARRY*) If she's kind, gentle, and pretty, she'll be quite a refreshing contrast to the old man and his family, I fancy. (*to BLEVINS*) When may I expect you?

BLEV. Well, you may expect us down by the end of next week, if you will be ready for us so soon.

JACK. All right. Now let us part for the time; I want to go out and make arrangements to get myself togged out a little more respectably.

HARRY. Yes, but before we go let us drink success to the new master of Glenmore. (*takes a bottle of wine from table and uncorks it*) You must excuse our scanty stock of crockery and glassware, Mr. Blevins, but we keep a sort of Bohemian bachelor's hall, just at present. (*takes a goblet from the table, and hands it to BLEVINS*) There, you have the only glass we possess. Harry, you can do with a teacup, and this marble pot will answer very nicely for me. (*pours out wine*.)

BLEV. Well, here's your very good health, nephew Harry, wishing you every success.

JACK. Thanks. Here's to myself and to both of you. (*they stand with glasses raised*.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. *Large, handsomely furnished room at Glenmore. Large door at flat C., looking out on piazza and picturesque landscape beyond. Windows opening to the floor, R. and L. of door. Doors at 1. 2 E. and L. 2 E. Curtain rises discovering JACK BYRON walking about, smoking a cigarette, and examining the furniture, etc.*

JACK. Well, this is spendid, I must say. Harry has fallen into the very arms of good luck this time. I told him so. I knew something good was going to happen, for I dreamed the other night that a wealthy relative of mine out in Australia had died and left me all his property. My dream all develop into reality, but in the case of money or legacies I become somebody else, or somebody else becomes me for the occasion; but if a dream happens to call for a little misfortune, I have to face the music as person. Well, perhaps I was born on Friday, and if so, according to the popular superstition, of course I am doomed to ill-luck. Just think of me playing the master here, and Harry working as my private secretary! Oh, it's rich, it's rich! But I shall soon get tired of it if I have to receive all the visitors, and visit about among my aristocratic neighbors, while he sits around and smokes and makes love to Annie Mowbray. I wish he wouldn't take so much to her, but I must be resigned, I suppose, on that question. I wish I was back in my old dingy room with my old coat, and my meerschaum pipe and beer. Oh, dear!

Enter HARRY, C. D.

Hallo, Harry! How do you feel this morning?

HARRY. Oh, capital! I've been out for a long walk in the grounds this morning.

JACK. Ah, indeed; and how did Miss Mowbray enjoy the walk?

HARRY. Miss Mowbray!

JACK. Yes; you were walking around the grounds with her this morning.

HARRY. I did not say so.

JACK. Well, you didn't, at least not in so many words; but any man who is endowed by nature with two eyes and the regulation amount of common sense, could see how matters are going. But I don't blame you, Harry, she's bright and pretty, and I think she's as good as she is pretty. You are clever and handsome, and though you may not be the perfect ideal man, yet you're pretty good for this wicked world, and altogether I think you will do very nicely for each other. How does she receive your attentions?

HARRY. I have not said anything definite yet, but my heart tells me there is hope, and I do not think it is deceiving me.

JACK. Well, old fellow, you have my blessing. And now, to change the subject, how long is this to last, and when am I to become plain Jack Byron again?

HARRY. Oh, very soon, old boy. Just have a little patience, and every thing will come out beautifully. How are you progressing with your supposed uncle?

JACK. Much as usual. He has a fine lot of schemes in his head,

among them the management and sale of the stock of a valuable silver mine supposed to exist somewhere in Patagonia or some other outlandish hole, and he has been going about the city for the last two or three days, organizing a board of directors and getting subscriptions for stock. Now he comes to me with a list of shareholders, and wants me to put a couple of thousand into the fund.

HARRY. You had better comply with his request.

JACK. What! You'll lose every dollar of it. The whole scheme is a base fraud from beginning to end. I didn't see a single name of any standing in the city among the stockholders.

HARRY. Oh, but you needn't give him the money; just promise him a check in a few days. I am positive he is up to some devilry, and this silver mine is just a ruse to gain money for some other purpose.

JACK. Very well, I'll humor him, and if he's playing fast and loose with us we'll make him suffer. But—

Enter SERVANT, L. D.

SERVANT. Excuse me, Mr. Duval, but the rector, Mr. Holiwell, wishes to speak to you.

JACK. Very well, I will be with him in a moment. (*Exit SERVANT, L. D.*) Come to solicit my subscription to a new organ, or something or other, without doubt. Harry, I have had no less than four visitors this morning already, soliciting aid for charitable institutions, and it isn't yet eleven o'clock.

HARRY. Oh, well, never mind it, Jack; try and stand it a little while longer. Just do whatever the rector asks you, even if you have to buy the new organ yourself.

JACK. With your money?

HARRY (*laughing*). Exactly. [*Exit JACK. HARRY seats himself L.*]

HARRY. Ah, well, here I am, the master of Glenmore, and of \$10,000 a year, with every thing to make a man happy as far as worldly wealth goes, and yet I am surrounded by scheming relatives who seek to take the very bread out of my mouth, which has dropped in so opportunely. Great Cæsar! I don't know what would have become of me in a week or so longer; not a cent to call my own, too ill to work, and poor Jack pawning everything he possessed to provide little luxuries for me. I don't know what I'd have done, only for Jack. I verily believe he'd pawn the shirt off his back, to raise money for me, if I needed it. Well, well! (*lights a cigarette*) This farce will soon be over, and then I can take my own, and I'll see that Jack gets his share of it. Then there's Annie. Oh, dear me! I'm afraid I'm really in love this time.

Enter ANNIE MOWBRAY, R. D., unperceived by HARRY, who sits with his eyes turned up toward the ceiling, watching the smoke of his cigarette.

Yes, yes, I am really very badly struck, and no mistake.

ANNIE. I beg your pardon, Mr. Byron. Did you say some one had struck you?

HARRY (*rising confused*). Yes—a—no—well, that is—yes—I am indeed badly struck.

ANNIE. Oh, I'm so sorry: I hope you are not hurt.

HARRY. Oh, no, not at all. In fact it's quite a pleasure to be struck this way. No pain at all, I assure you. But, excuse me, wont you sit down?

ANNIE Oh, no, thanks. I am only disturbing what appears to be a very pleasant train of thought.

HARRY. Ah, yes, they were indeed pleasant thoughts, but you have not interrupted them; you have cleared the obstacles from the way, and they flow on now, more pleasantly than ever.

ANNIE. You have become quite poetical.

HARRY. Oh, Miss Mowbray, do not play with my feelings, but grant me one favor. Will you sit down for a few moments? I have something to say to you.

ANNIE. Very well; but don't be long. I was showing the cock how to make some pickles, and I must go and look after them. I am afraid she is not doing them right. (*sits down on sofa R.*)

HARRY (*rising*). Oh, bother the pickles! If they are to cheat me out of your pleasant company, I shall never want to eat one again as long as I live.

ANNIE. Oh, I am sorry to hear you say that, for I really want you to try some of these. I am sure they will be nice, if my directions are followed.

HARRY (*crossing to her*). Miss Mowbray, may I sit down beside you?

ANNIE. Well, I see no objections, provided you behave yourself. (*HARRY sits on sofa.*)

HARRY. Miss Mowbray, are you aware that for the last few minutes you have been pulling out my heart strings one by one?

ANNIE (*horrified*). Oh, dear! no, I didn't know I was doing that. Oh, I'm very sorry.

HARRY. Yes, you have caused me great pain. Can you not understand why I spoke to you as I did—can you not understand my feelings toward you? Can you not see that I—that I—love you? (*aside*) There, it's out now, and I feel relieved.

ANNIE. Oh, Mr. Byron! (*rises, and turns to go up.*)

HARRY (*following her*). No, no, do not go away. (*pleadingly*) Do not leave me, miserable and without hope. Miss Mowbray! Annie! I am poor, I have not a cent in the world to call my own, except what I earn by my own unaided efforts; but I offer you the pure love of an honest man, who never wilfully did any one an injury, and who will continue to love you till the day of his death. Annie, I will work for you night and day, till I provide a comfortable home for you, if you will but give me leave to hope that some day you will be mine.

ANNIE. Mr. Byron, I entertain great esteem for you. I have always felt that if I did marry any one, I should like him to be like you.

HARRY. Yes, yes!

ANNIE. Well, do you think if I gave you my love, you would be as happy as you imagine?

HARRY. Oh, Annie, do you doubt it?

ANNIE. Do you not think I should be a burden on your hands? If you were earning a small salary of perhaps ten or twelve dollars a week, and out of that had to support a wife, you would soon find out what a burden I would be to you.

HARRY (*turning despairingly and walking toward left centre*). Ah! I see how it is. You scorn my love. You dread the poverty, the hardship, the suffering of the life you would have to lead with me. You feel that I could not surround you with the comforts to which you have been accustomed, and you say in your heart, "The love of this man, be it ever so pure, is but a poor return for the loss of riches and ease." Annie, you are right. I was asking too much; I was too selfish. It breaks my heart to give you up, but it must be, and I can only ask your forgiveness for the annoyance I have caused you.

ANNIE (*turning and going towards him*). Mr. Byron, you do me an injustice. How can you think me so mercenary or so cold? If my love will make you as happy as your love makes me, take it, it is yours.

HARRY (*seizing her hands*). Annie, do you mean it? Oh, no, my ears have deceived me; it cannot be.

ANNIE. Yes, it can: I mean what I said.

HARRY. Heaven bless you, my darling! You are leaving home, friends, wealth, and all the comforts of life, and casting your lot in with that of a man without money, influence or position, — one who has his own way to make in the world, and whose best recommendation is that he loves you. You shall never have occasion to regret it. (*kisses her. They come down stage and seat themselves on sofa R., conversing.*)

Enter. C. D. F., MR. BLEVINS. He stands a moment, astonished, and then, with a malignant expression, comes slowly down stage and stands listening near ANNIE and HARRY, who do not notice him.

HARRY. Oh, we shall be very happy, my darling. Do you not think so?

BLEV. (*aside*). Not if I can help it.

ANNIE (*to HARRY*). Oh, yes, I am sure we shall.

HARRY. Of course there will be no luxury: nothing but a little cottage, perhaps, or even a very plain room, in some back street in the city; but that won't matter, will it?

ANNIE. Oh, certainly not. With you, Jack, I could face any hardship.

BLEV. (*who has been in a great rage during this—aloud*). Oh, you could, could you, miss? (*HARRY and ANNIE rise, confused*) What does all this mean? (*to HARRY*) What do you mean, sir, by talking of cottages and back streets in the city, and happiness? (*to ANNIE*) And you, what do you mean by expressing the opinion that as long as you had Jack, you could face all sorts of hardships, and so forth? What does it all mean, I say?

HARRY. Well, Mr. Blevins, you have taken us rather by surprise: but it means that I love your niece, and your niece loves me. I intend to marry her at the earliest opportunity.

Picture.

C. ANNIE.

R. C. HARRY.

L. C. BLEVINS.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. A small sized cabinet desk stands at L. As curtain rises JENNIE BLEVINS is discovered seated at small table, R. C., her head leaning on her hand, apparently lost in thought.*

JENNIE (*solus*). Well, the impudence and brass of that horrid Annie, beats anything I ever saw. Only to think of the way she carried on

with that Mr. Byron day before yesterday. Ugh! it makes me shudder. And he actually had his arm around her. Wouldn't I like to catch the man who would dare to put his arm around me. Oh, well, no one has ever tried it yet. They all seem to take to Annie so much, although I'm as good looking as she any day. At any rate, there's one good point about this fondness of hers for Mr. Byron. It leaves me free to pay all my attention to cousin Harry, and who knows but he may take a fancy to me, and then—Ah, I hear his step on the piazza. Now to action. (*she screams loudly twice, and pretends to faint.*)

Just then, enter, C. D., MAJOR TWITTER, and she falls into his arms.

MAJOR. Oh, dear me! What's all this? Why, I declare, if it isn't Miss Blevins! Miss Blevins, my dear girl, what is the matter? Why, I declare she's fainted. Oh, dear me, this will never do. Such a scene, and I do detest scenes. Ah, I'll just lay her on the sofa, and run for some water. Heaven grant some other poor unlucky mortal finds her before I have time to get back. (*lays JENNIE down on sofa and exit R.D.*)

Enter at same time, C. D., MR. CAVERTON.

CAV. Ah, by Jove, a young lady. eh? (*adjusts his eyeglass*) No, not exactly young, but medium—sort of betwixt and between. (*JENNIE rises as if just recovering from a faint.*)

JENNIE. Oh, sir, who are you?

CAV. I—oh, I'm George Caverton—George Caverton, B. A. graduate of Harvard.

JENNIE (*aside*). A Harvard man—oh, my!

Enter, C. D., JACK BYRON.

JACK. Ah, here you are, eh? I've been looking for you everywhere, Caverton; but I see you're in charming society. Jennie, this is Mr. Caverton, a friend of your father—down here on a visit at his invitation. Mr. Caverton, allow me to introduce Miss Blevins.

CAV. Aw! charmed, I'm sure. Miss Blevins, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to the summer house in the garden? I believe the other ladies are there.

JENNIE. Oh, certainly.

[*Exeunt, C. D., arm in arm.*]

Enter, hurriedly, R. D., MAJOR TWITTER, with a pail in his hand.

JACK. Why, Major, what's the matter? What are you going to do?

MAJOR. Oh, never mind; I'll bring her to in a minute. Soap-suds, my dear boy—soap-suds are the greatest thing in the world for a lady in a swoon. Soap-suds, sir, is a sublime invention. I'll fetch her around in a second. Mr. Duval.

JACK. But, Major, what do you mean?

MAJOR. Mean? why, the young lady, of course. Miss Blevins—

JACK. Has just gone out into the garden with Mr. Caverton.

MAJOR (*dropping pail*). Gone out with Mr. Caverton! What, that la-de-dah chap, with the eyeglass?

JACK (*laughing*). Yes, precisely so.

MAJOR. Well, I'll be—No I won't. There's no use, my boy: we old chaps are out of the ring now and have no chance with the girls. But never mind, come out and have a cigar on the piazza. [*Exeunt, C.D.*]

Enter, R. D., MR. BLEVINS.

BLEV. Oh, dear me! I'm quite exhausted. I have so many different schemes in my head I don't know what to do first. (*takes a chair*) Let me see. Ah, yes. First of all, I've got Caverton and Twitter down here. They are both wealthy, and both capital opportunities for Jennie. True, old Twitter's on the shady side of fifty, but he's got the money, and that's all I want. Jennie has not made much progress with her cousin Harry. That boy has no more soul or sentiment about him than a log; so she must tackle these two. I must have that girl married to a wealthy man, or I'm a ruined man. Then there's Annie—that's another little matter I must attend to. What the deuce does she mean by taking to that idiot, Byron? I never liked that fellow. I called him an idiot just now, but I'll guarantee he's sharper than he looks. I'll have to see about Annie. But at any rate, if I get Jennie married to Caverton or Twitter, it will be one good move. Then if I can get that three thousand dollars from Harry to invest in the Patagonia Mining Company—ha, ha, ha! That's a good scheme, if it works. With that three thousand and the other moneys I have in trust for various unsuspecting fools I can clear off to California, or some other place, and make a fortune. Everything is in my favor, and if I play my cards cautiously, the game is surely mine.

Enter HARRY, C. D. Comes down towards BLEVINS.

HARRY. Good-afternoon. Mr. Blevins.

BLEV. (*coldly*). Good-afternoon, Mr. Byron. I have a little remark or two to make to you, sir.

HARRY. Oh, indeed! I was about to say the same to you, but as you anticipate me, pray proceed. (*sits down.*)

BLEV. What I have to say, sir, relates to Miss Mowbray, my niece. Your conduct last evening, sir—

HARRY. Oh, that will do, Mr. Blevins. We can hear all that another time. What I have to say to you, sir, relates to the same subject—a charming subject, by the way—but is of infinitely more importance—

BLEV. But, sir, I will have my say out.

HARRY. Excuse me, Mr. Blevins, but I do not wish to hear it.

BLEV. Sir, your impertinence is beyond all—

HARRY. Never mind my impertinence, but just listen to a few remarks, coolly and quietly; they are of vital importance to you. As Mr. Duval's private secretary, I feel it my duty to look after his interests, to the best of my ability. Am I not right in doing so?

BLEV. Yes, you are.

HARRY. Very well, sir. Acting upon this impression, I have studied you pretty closely of late.

BLEV. Me!

HARRY. Yes, you. Now, don't get excited, Mr. Blevins. I have studied you, I repeat, and I believe you are playing a false game with your nephew.

BLEV. (*rising*). Mr. Byron, this is—

HARRY (*interrupting him*). Sit down, Mr. Blevins. I assure you, you had better listen quietly to what I have to say. (*BLEVINS sits again.*)

HARRY. Now, Mr. Blevins, to begin with, you have been endeavoring to induce Mr. Duval, to invest three thousand dollars in a concern which you are pleased to style the Patagonia Mining Company.

BLEV. And which will be a great success.

HARRY. Not at all, sir. I have made inquiries in the city, and find that there is no such company in existence, as the one just mentioned.

BLEV. Because it has not yet been incorporated. It will be, before long, and then you will see—

HARRY. Mr. Blevins, you are only wasting time. You cannot make a fool of me as you have of others. I say now, once and for all, there is not, never was, and never will be, at least as far as you are concerned, any such corporation as the Patagonia Mining Company; and your whole prospectus is a lie and a swindle from beginning to end.

BLEV. Sir, this is really more than—

HARRY. Allow me, if you please. You are endeavoring to swindle your nephew, who is, perhaps, rather careless as to his property. But you must remember that I am watching his interests, and I have succeeded in unmasking your whole plot. I know just what you are after. Would you like me to expose the whole affair?

BLEV. I desire you to leave the room, sir.

HARRY (*rising*). Very well, sir; I will go now and inform Mr. Duval of your little plans for his welfare, and then the constable—scene in court—disgrace. How does that strike you? (*goes up.*)

BLEV. (*greatly affected*). Oh, Mr. Byron, come back. Do not talk like that; and for Heaven's sake don't tell my nephew.

HARRY (*returning*). Ah, ha! you are beginning to acknowledge—

BLEV. No, no, no. I am not trying to defraud him; I am only—

HARRY. Yes I understand. Now, Mr. Blevins, I want to talk of another matter with you. Your niece, Miss Mowbray—

BLEV. Yes, sir; what of her?

HARRY. As I told you last night, I wish to marry her, with your consent.

BLEV. Which you shall never have, sir!

HARRY. One moment, Mr. Blevins. You are very crafty, but I see your little game. You know that she is to come into possession of an estate of ten thousand dollars upon her marriage, provided that marriage is contracted with your consent. Should she marry against your will, she forfeits it, and it slips into your capacious pocket. That is your reason for withholding your consent, is it not?

BLEV. You appear to be remarkably well informed in our family matters, sir. Nevertheless, I will never consent to your marriage with my niece.

HARRY. And why not, pray?

BLEV. For the best of all reasons, that *you* are utterly unworthy of her.

HARRY. Hum! She does not think so.

BLEV. I do, and that is sufficient. I now consider this interview at an end.

HARRY. Very well, Mr. Blevins; all I have to do is to inform Mr. Duval of the nice little plans for the speedy reduction of his income, by means of Silver Mining Companies and other frauds. (*moves toward the door.*)

BLEV. Oh, Heavens! Do not go—do not tell my nephew anything.

HARRY. Well, then consent to the marriage. You see, Mr. Blevins, I have you under my thumb, as it were, and you had better get into my good graces before I bring the pressure to bear down upon you.

BLEV. I do not know what to do!

HARRY. Well, you'd best make up your mind quickly. Do you consent to the marriage, or do you not?

BLEV. Oh, I consent—on compulsion. But I will have revenge: I'll get even with you for bringing me to this.

HARRY. Oh, that's all right. I think, however, that we will have a witness to this affair. (*goes to c. d., and calls "HARRY."*)

Enter, c. d., JACK BYRON.

JACK. Well, what is it?

HARRY. Oh, Mr. Duval, I have a piece of good news to tell you. Your uncle here, has given his consent to my marriage with his niece, Annie; have you not, Mr. Blevins?

BLEV. (*subtly*). Yes.

JACK. I congratulate you, heartily, Jack. May your union be a happy one.

HARRY. Thanks—many thanks.

JACK. Was that all you wanted of me, Jack?

HARRY. Yes, only to tell you that.

JACK. Then I'll be off again; the ladies are waiting for me.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

HARRY. Now, Mr. Blevins, everything runs smoothly, and I am sure we shall get along very nicely, now that mutual confidence has been established between us, eh?

BLEV. (*shortly*). Oh, I suppose so. (*HARRY goes to cabinet desk, unlocks it, seats himself, and busies himself with things inside it. BLEVINS sits abstractedly at table R. C. JACK appears at c. d.*)

JACK. Oh! Byron—will you come this way, please, I have something I wish to say to you. (*to BLEVINS*) Uncle, you will excuse him? I'll not detain him long.

BLEV. Oh, certainly. (*HARRY goes out c. d., with JACK, leaving his keys in lock of cabinet.*)

BLEV. There's my first reverse! and from such a quarter too. I always thought that Byron would be in my way. Curse him! (*looks at cabinet*) Heavens! He left his keys in the lock! Oh, if I only dared do it! Such a scheme!—Revenge and the accomplishment of all my designs at one blow!—But he might return. Ah! I am a coward when I should be brave. Why should I hesitate? I'll do it! (*goes cautiously and closes rear door—comes down, stops before cabinet desk, seats himself, opens the door, and examines papers*) Ah! here is what I want, (*draws out a wallet, containing bank notes, and takes them from wallet one by one*) That's five hundred—that's a thousand—fifteen hundred! I shall soon have what I want at this rate. Heaven grant he may not return yet. Ah!

Enter, c. d., CHARLIE FLETCHER. BLEVINS rises in great alarm and confusion.

CHARLIE. Ha'lo, sir, what are you up to?

BLEV. Wh—wh—what am I up to?

CHARLIE. Yes; that was the question I asked.

BLEV. Why, I'm putting these bank notes into the desk.

CHARLIE. And to whom do the notes belong?

BLEV. To me, of course. (*returns wallet to desk.*)

CHARLIE. Oh! no, not at all—that's where you have made a slight mistake which will cause you considerable trouble. (*goes to c. d., and calls*) Harry! come here.

Enter HARRY. C. D.

Here is the gentleman to whom the notes belong.

BLEV. What, to Jack Byron? Oh, no.

HARRY. No, not Jack Byron; I am Harry Duval, *your nephew*, I am sorry to say.

BLEV. Are you Harry Duval? Ah, I see it all now; I have been deceived from first to last. (*sinks down on a chair R. C.*)

HARRY. No, you have not been deceived; you have simply been frustrated in carrying out your designs upon my property. I induced Jack Byron to personate me, in order that I might watch your movements, and find out your true disposition. I have, also, been only too successful. The events of this afternoon were all prearranged—Jack left his keys in the lock on purpose, and I came and called him out; then we sent Charlie Fletcher here, as we knew he was a stranger to you, to watch your movements, and you are detected with the stolen property in your hands. Everything has turned out about as we suspected. Now what mercy do you expect?

BLEV. Oh, Harry don't be hard upon me!

HARRY. You were not going to be hard on me; oh, no, not at all! only going to take all the spare cash I had, and swindle me to as great an extent as you could, and then leave me to recover as best I might; and now you say "Don't be hard on me."

CHARLIE. Just call the other folks in, and expose the whole villany.

BLEV. (*falls on his knees before HARRY*). Oh, for God's sake, Harry, do not ruin me! Think of my daughter—think of my niece, and be merciful.

HARRY. You do not deserve mercy. You have proved yourself the scoundrel I always suspected you of being—yet I am disposed to be merciful for the sake of your niece and daughter. I will place at your disposal five hundred dollars. (*goes to desk, takes out wallet and gives BLEVINS a bill, putting the wallet in pocket*) Get ready at once and leave Glenmore—leave this country, if possible. I wish never to see or hear from you again.

BLEV. Oh, thank you, Harry, thank you.

HARRY. Enough! I am not doing it for your sake. Come, Charlie, let us go and find the ladies. [*Exeunt all but BLEVINS, C. D.*]

BLEV. At last! The blow has fallen at last. I am ruined, completely undone. Oh, what will become of me?

Enter JENNIE, C. D.

JENNIE. Oh, papa, I have been looking for you. Why, what is the matter?

BLEV. Oh, nothing, my child. I am not feeling very well this evening.

JENNIE. Well, I have some news for you. You know Mr. Caverton, the young Harvard graduate, do you not?

BLEV. Oh, yes; he is a friend of mine. What of him?

JENNIE. Well, we went out walking in the garden, and he declared his love and offered himself to me, and—and——

BLEV. Well?

JENNIE. Well, papa, the long and short of it is, I accepted him, and he will be here directly to ask your consent to our marriage. Of course there is no great difficulty in the way of his getting that, eh, papa? (*laughing.*)

BLEV. No, my child. But to tell the truth, this is the shortest courtship I ever heard of. Why, the man hasn't known you a day.

JENNIE. That makes no difference, papa. He's deeply in love with me, and I think he's a splendid fellow; besides, he's very rich, you know.

BLEV. Yes, and this comes very opportunely, for I want to see you with good prospects of a comfortable home before I leave you.

JENNIE. Leave me, papa?

BLEV. Yes; business of great importance calls me to South America. I shall be gone some time, perhaps, but you shall hear from me often, and I will try to come back as soon as possible. (*crosses to L.*)

Enter CAVERTON, C. D., and comes down stage.

CAV. (*to JENNIE, not seeing BLEVINS*). Ah, my dear Jennie, I have been looking for the old man everywhere, without success. Where can he have gone to?

BLEV. Well, sir! and what do you want with the *old man*?

CAV. Oh! I beg pardon, Mr. Blevins—didn't—aw—know you were there—aw. The fact is, to come to business at once, your charming daughter—for she is charming—your charming daughter and myself, being mutually smitten by Cupid's rosy darts, have come to the conclusion that hymeneal bliss is the one desideratum of this life, and I am here for the purpose of asking your permission to become your son-in-law.

BLEV. Young man, you are taking a serious step now. Many a young man before you has done the same thing, and is now wishing he hadn't. But that is your lookout; and as I have always liked your appearance, and as I think you will be able to provide a comfortable home for my daughter, and otherwise contribute to her happiness, you have my consent.

CAV. Thanks, Mr. Blevins, many thanks.

Enter, C. D., JACK BYRON, CHARLIE FLETCHER, MAJOR TWITTER and HARRY DUVAL. JENNIE and CAVERTON go across to R. 1 E. and sit on lounge. BLEVINS seats himself L. in deep thought.

MAJOR. Oh, yes, gentlemen, there were lively times in India. The siege of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the massacre of Cawnpore—I was through it all. England had need of her best and bravest then, and I am proud to say I was always at hand when wanted.

HARRY. Bravo, Major. (*MAJOR goes across stage and enters into conversation with CAVERTON and JENNIE, who rise to meet him.*)

CHARLIE. By the way, Jack, I have some good news for you—didn't get an opportunity to tell you before.

JACK. Indeed! Let us have it, by all means.

CHARLIE. Well, it's about your picture.

JACK. What! the one in Grosvenor Gallery!

CHARLIE. Yes; it has been enthusiastically received, and you may expect several offers for it very soon.

JACK. At last! Well, I think it is high time my perseverance and hard work were rewarded.

CHARLIE. Well, Jack, you and I can go back to the old rooms, and continue our daubing; we will leave Harry to his purple and fine linen.

HARRY. Well, you may depend on my being a constant visitor, and I shall expect you to reciprocate.

Enter, C. D., ANNIE MOWBRAY. She comes down stage to HARRY.

ANNIE. Is it true, all that I have heard about you?

HARRY. What have you heard, my dear?

ANNIE. That you are the real master of Glenmore.

HARRY. Quite true.

ANNIE. And you are not Jack Byron at all?

HARRY. No, I'm Harry Duval.

JACK. Great deal better name than Jack Byron, eh, Miss Mowbray?

ANNIE. No. I do not like it any better.

JACK. Oh, thank you, ever so much.

ANNIE and HARRY come down F. C. MAJOR, JENNIE and CAVERTON stand R. BLEVINS sits in deep reflection L. JACK and CHARLIE stand at rear.

HARRY. Are you glad to learn how I have deceived you?

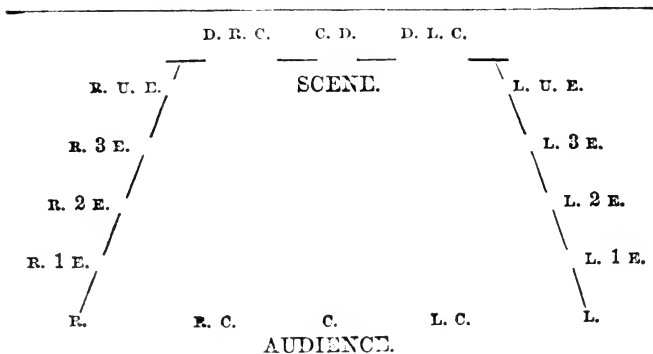
ANNIE. Glad in one way, sorry in another. Glad because of your good fortune: sorry because all my little visions of pretty cottages and a quiet peaceful home, free from the cares of a society life, with only ourselves to think of, have been rudely dispelled. But I am sure we shall be none the less happy.

HARRY. We shall be happier than ever, for I shall be able to surround you with those comforts that you deserve. But, Annie, I have learned something during my little incognito which fills my heart with joy whenever I think of it. I came to you in the guise of a poor painter, and offered you an honest man's love, unaccompanied by gifts of gold and silver—you accepted me, not knowing to what trials and privations you were consigning yourself. I thank God that I can reward you as you deserve, for you have loved me "For myself alone."

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C. Centre.
R. Right.
R. C. Right Centre.
R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.
R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.
R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.
R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.
D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

L. Left.
L. C. Left Centre.
L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.
L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.
L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.
L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance.
C. D. Centre Door.
D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act..	1	1
161. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
237. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	98. Dearest Nanima, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
242. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	58. Deborah (Leal), drama, 3 acts....	7	6
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts....	14	2	210. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta....	4	8	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts..	13	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	186. Duchess de la Valliere play, 5 acts..	6	4
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act....	2	1	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act....	4	2
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act....	8	1
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	11	5	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	230. Family Jara, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
119. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
141. Cousin's Cousin, farce, 1 act.....	8	1	262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			58. Foundled vs. Fact, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
459. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6 3	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 2
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	3 1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1 1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7 4	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1 1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4 2	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4 2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4 4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts..	10 3
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7 2
1 act.....	5 3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1 3
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.....	10 3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5 1	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8 6
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8 5	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5 3
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,		249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3 4
farce, 1 act.....	4 2	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a.	3 2
203. Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act...	5 1	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4 2
241. Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10 3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5 3
28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8 2
151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2 2	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4 2
8. Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10 3	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5 2
180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.	38 5	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
303. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2 2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2 2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17 3
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5 5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4 3
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 3	312. More Sinned against than Sinning,	
246. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9 5	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11
301. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12 7	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1 1
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5 3	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5 1	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3 3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 3	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4 1
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2	216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act...	3 3
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act..	1 1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4 3
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4 1	193. My Walking Photograph, musical	
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13 2	duality, 1 act.....	1 1
235. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act...	3 4	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act....	3 4
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts...	6 1	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3 1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4 3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.....	2 2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3 2	218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts...	4 2
123. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,	
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act...	4 2	farce, 1 act.....	3 4
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts.	8 2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8 5
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act....	9 3	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	18 3
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts..	6 3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4 4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8 3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7 5
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9 3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act....	3 3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.....	5 2	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5 1	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.	13 3
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts...	7 1	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10 6
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11 4	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,	
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4 1	3 acts.....	5 4
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9 2	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act....	3 1
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....	26 6	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts...	13 6
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts...	3 3	300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11 8
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6 4	269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4 3
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act...	2 3	268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3 3
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7 2	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act...	3 3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12 5	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act.....	5 4
157. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11 5	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act...	1 2
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4 2	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.	12 3	33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2 3
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3 2	9. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8 4
130. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act...	1 1	90. Only a Haltpenny, farce, 1 act.....	2 2
251. Let Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5 3	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
141. Life (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7 2	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5 5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14 5	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3 3
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act...	5 2	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18 4
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16 2
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6 3
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6 6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7 5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8 8	45. Our Domestics, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6 6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act...	3 2	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts...	21 5
223. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1	4 1	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17 5

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.....	11 5	257. Ten Nights in a Bar Room, drama, 5 acts.....	8 1
305. Pair of Shoes (A), farce, 1 act.....	4 3	146. There's no Smoke without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2
285. Partners for Life, comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.....	6 1
156. Peace at any Price, farce, 1 act.....	1 1	245. Thumping Legacy (A), 1 act.....	7 1
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	251. Ticket of Leave Man, drama, 4 acts.....	9 3
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.....	3 10	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.....	7 3
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, 1 act.....	15 24	27. Time and Tide, drama, 4 acts.....	7 5
293. Philomel, romantic drama, 3 acts.....	6 4	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
62. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	154. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.....	7 2	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1a.....	10 3	272. Toodles (The), drama, 2 acts.....	10 2
217. Poor Pillicoddy, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	235. To Oblige Benson, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 2
110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1a.....	3 6	238. Trying It On, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.....	8 2	27. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.....	5 3
59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.....	5 3	214. Turn Him Out, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce.....	3 10	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.....	4 2
280. Pretty Piece of Business (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2 3	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.....	6 3
181. 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.....	37 9	234. 'Twixt Axe and Crown, play, 5 acts.....	24 13
196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act.....	1 1	198. Twin Sisters, comic operetta, 1 act.....	2 2
255. Quiet Family, farce, 1 act.....	4 4	265. Two Bonnycastles, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.....	5 2	220. Two Buzzards (The), farce, 1 act.....	3 2
132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.....	10	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.....	3
237. Regular Fix (A), farce, 1 act.....	6 4	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.....	12 2	288. Two Roses (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 4
38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.....	10 2	292. Two Thorns (The), comedy, 4 acts.....	9 4
77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.....	8 4	294. Uncle Dick's Darling, drama, 3 acts.....	6 5
316. Romeo on the Gridiron (A), monologue, for a lady.....	1	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1
195. Rosemi Shell, burlesque, 4 scenes.....	6 3	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.....	6 2
247. Rough Diamond (The), farce, 1 act.....	6 3	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.....	7 4	317. Veteran of 1812 (The), romantic military drama, 5 acts.....	12 2
13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.....	12 4	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.....	6 6
229. Sarah's Young Man, farce, 1 act.....	3 3	91. Walpole, comedy in rhyme.....	7 2
158. School, comedy, 4 acts.....	6 6	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.....	2 1
201. School for Scandal, comedy, 5 acts.....	12 4	231. Wanted, One Thousand Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Regions, farce, 1 act.....	3 7
264. Scrap of Paper (A), comic drama, 3a.....	6 6	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.....	5 4
79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1a.....	7 5	311. What Tears can do, comedietta, 1a.....	3 2
203. She Stoops to Conquer, comedy, 5a.....	15 4	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1a.....	2 10
37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	266. Who Killed Cock Robin? farce, 2a.....	2 2
35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.....	2 1	98. Who is Who? farce.....	3 2
313. Single Married Man (A), comic operetta, 1 act.....	6 2	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.....	4 4
43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.....	7 2	213. Widow (The), comedy, 3 acts.....	7 6
6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.....	8 2
221. Slasher and Crasher, farce, 1 act.....	5 2	{ Window Curtain, monologue.....	1
10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.....	1 1	314. { Circumstantial Evidence.....	1
26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.....	16 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 4 acts.....	6 8
207. Sold Again, comic operetta, 1 act.....	3 1	161. Woman's Vows and Masons' Oaths, drama, 4 acts.....	10 4
304. Sparking, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2a.....	4 4
78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.....	7 3	290. Wrong Man in the Right Place (A), farce, 1 act.....	2 3
215. Still Waters Run Deep, comedy, 3a.....	9 2	54. Young Collegian, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
256. Sweethearts, dramatic contrast, 2a.....	2 2		
232. Tail (Tale) of a Shark, musical monologue, 1 scene.....	1		
31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.....	3		
150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 2		
120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.....	2 1		



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	M.	F.		M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc. 6	1		26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	1	138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene	6	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes....	3	3
60. Lost Will, sketch	4	4	80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes.. ..	6	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3	2	84. Sereuade (The), sketch, 2 scenes....	7	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene	3		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes.....	4		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes....	3	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene. 3			46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1
149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene... 3	1		69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5	1
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene.. 5			56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc. 2	1	
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene.. 6	1		72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene	2	1
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	2	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc... 6		
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes	4	5	16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene. 5		
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1	7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.....	4		121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene.....	3		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc. 2		
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes	4		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc. 6	1		100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene. 6		
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc. 2			102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes....	3	1
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc... 4			34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc. 5			122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene. 3		
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	2. Tricks, sketch.....	5	2
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7	1	104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene.. 5		
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio.....	4	1	5. Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch.. 7			28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc... 3	1	
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1	134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene... 4	1	
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene... 7			62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene. 5			32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch... 3		
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene... 4		
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	5	1	75. Wanted, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene....	4	1	93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene. 7	1	
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene.....	7		29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene... 3	1	
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc... 6			97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene....	4	
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene... 6	1		137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch....	2	1	143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene. 2	3		99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.....	5		85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene... 3		
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc... 3	1		116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene.. 5		
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc. 6					
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc... 3					



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